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VOL. XV (New Series). SEPT. 14, 1905 No. 115.

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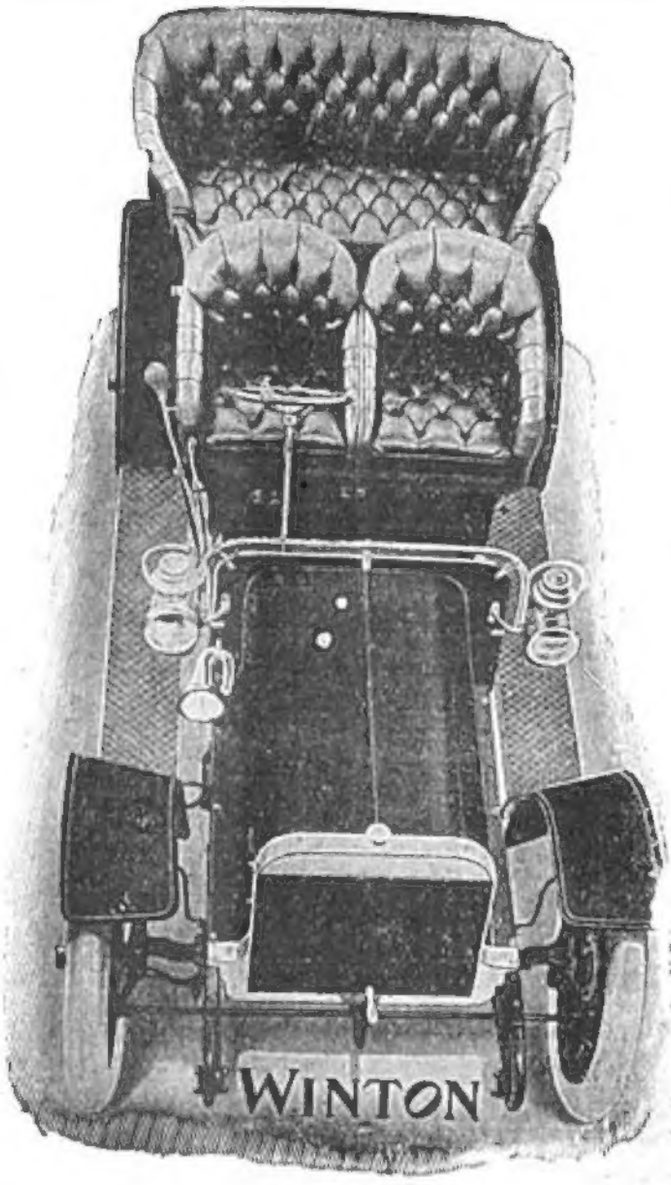

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Vol. XV. (New Series). SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1905. No. 115.

Physical Culture—Signs of the Times.

By EUGEN SANDOW.

JUST recently there have been ample indications that the work of physical regeneration is proceeding apace, and that the efforts of the reformers have not been in vain. For many years we have had to impress, by every means in our power, how necessary it is that public bodies and others responsible for the proper upbringing of the younger members of the community should take upon themselves this work of reformation in order to bring about an improvement in the physical condition of the nation, and so counteract the evil influences which prevail.

As everyone is aware, independent agencies have for some time been at work, in the shape of societies and organisations, each striving hard in their various ways to bring about this much-desired improvement. Royal Commissions have disclosed an alarming state of affairs, but, despite the findings of their Commissioners, Government has yet to be induced into recognising the necessity for urgent official action in the shape of legislation.

Public bodies are proverbially slow in moving, but at last the much-maligned

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London County Council has taken a decided step in the right direction, and one which I feel sure will meet with the entire approval of everyone who has the interests of his country at heart; for it is a healthy sign of the times and an indication that we are about to enter upon a new era, so to speak.

This new departure—one that can be fraught with tremendous possibilities for good—which is to be instituted this month by the London County Council in connection with their evening Continuation Classes is what may be aptly termed citizenship by lecture. The first of these lectures, which it is sincerely to be hoped will be as popular as they deserve to be, will be given at the Kennington-road Evening Schools on the 21st inst., when Mr. H. Osman Newland, F.R.Hist.I., and author of "A Short History of Citizenship," will be the lecturer. Mr. Newland is one of the new school of scientists, and is himself a fine all-round athlete, cycling, swimming, rowing, and mountaineering being amongst his favourite pastimes.

The list of subjects to be dealt with in the first batch of lectures is a most comprehensive one, and whilst there are many branches which perhaps to us, as physical culturists, do not directly appeal, yet as good citizens we cannot help but be interested, so I will enumerate them. The subjects are as follows:—Representative Government; Local Government; The Judicial System; Courts of Law; Board of Education; Local Government Board; Home Office; Board of Trade; Colonial Office; Voting; Rates and Taxes; Public Health; Education; The Empire; Associations of Workers; The State and Labour; History of the Struggle for Citizenship; Citizen Statesmen and Dreamers; Ideals and Possibilities of Citizenship.

Amongst the subjects to be discussed under the headings mentioned above are to be Physical Culture and Degeneration, and Universal Military Training, and if the aims of the Council are gained, then we may congratulate ourselves upon a great achievement. A leading member of the Council, expressing the views of his colleagues, has said:

"We shall aim, now that we have taken over the board schools of London, at making intelligent citizens of the 500,000 boys and girls given into our charge. The enlightenment of the rising generation—the mothers and fathers of to-morrow—upon the great subject of public health alone, is sufficient justification for this new instruction.

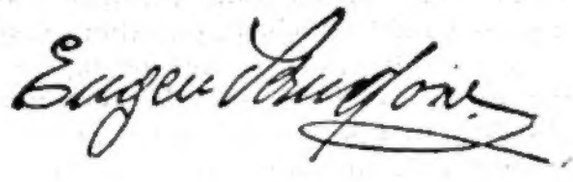
"Practically the whole of the disease, the stunted growth, the epidemics with which our local authorities have to deal, and which so sorely swell the burden of the rates, are the outcome of the mass of ignorance among the common people.

"Let us bring up the lads and lasses of our evening classes in the knowledge of the things we are now about to teach them, and the workhouses, the lunatic asylums, the fever hospitals, and the gaols of to-morrow will lose much of their present heavy burden of afflicted humanity."

With these sentiments I feel sure every right-minded man will be in accord.

I notice also that the members of the Trades Union Congress, held last week at Hanley, dealt with the question of physical deterioration, and passed a resolution in favour of State maintenance of children. Among the means for checking deterioration, they supported the giving of at least one free meal a day to all school children, free medical advice and inspection, and efficient physical training as a necessary feature of school life.

Another healthy sign of the times!



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JIU-JITSU NOTES.

* * *

A PRETTY little Welsh girl, Miss Roberts, of Blaina, Monmouthshire, has the distinction of being the youngest professor of Jiu-Jitsu in the western world.

Little Miss Roberts, who is just sixteen, left the schoolroom for the wrestling academy a year ago.

In the underground academy in Golden-square, which was the first school for Jiu-Jitsu established in Europe, the Welsh girl first learned the mystery of muscle, nerve, and sinew, as interpreted by a band of Japanese professors from Tokio.

From Golden-square she went to the Japanese school of wrestling in Oxford-street to study the deadly science which enables even a schoolgirl of sixteen to overthrow a strong man, with Mr. Yukio Tani, the renowned exponent of Jiu-Jitsu.

In the ring she wears navy-blue knickers and a white coat, and though she is only sixteen she has already defeated formidable male adversaries. Of Jiu-Jitsu she speaks with girlish enthusiasm.

"Yes, I love Jiu-Jitsu," she says. "It makes you feel so strong and well.

"Balance and quickness were the secrets that I had to learn, for Jiu-Jitsu, unlike other physical exercises, does not call for great strength, but only quickness. I teach the ladies and children Jiu-Jitsu. A little boy of seven is my youngest pupil.

"My ambition? " the little Welsh girl said smilingly. "Well, it is just to go on teaching Jiu-Jitsu!"

Jiu-Jitsu, so one of the principals at Oxford-street states, has taken a firm root on English ground.

"Society women in particular," he said, "are enthusiastic about the new science, which makes for grace as well as all-round symmetrical development. Lord Lonsdale and the National Physical Education League are advocating the practice of Jiu-Jitsu as a means of arresting physical deterioration.

The American Athlete.

Mr. P. A. Vaile, writing on "American Methods in Sport," in the September number of *Pearson's Magazine*, says:

"The American is always trying to find new ways, better ways, quicker ways. . . . He must beat his competitors of the present in sport, even as in business, and so again, in play, as with his most serious pursuits, he 'specialises.'

"The man who is to make a good broad-jumper is taken up. The whole man is not necessarily developed. What does he want with big biceps, shoulders, and chest? 'Let us keep those for the heavy-weight lifter,' says the 'cute American trainer. So he produces a fine pair of legs, with not too much top-hamper."

Hints on Club Swinging.

By TOM BURROWS

(Champion of the World).

Edited by F. NEVILLE PIGGOTT.

Cinematograph photographs specially for this series by R. W. Paul, 68 High Holborn, W.C.

V.

PLATE No. XIV. describes a cross-arm combination with three clubs, to accomplish which you carry the left arm under the right, making a front swing with the latter, finishing up with a parallel combination to complete the movement.

The next two plates show exercises with four clubs, in which a square movement with the right-hand clubs and a shoulder circle with the left are the predominating features. No. XV. shows the first part of the exercise. The movement can be made much easier if the clubs are well extended, and, continuing as in No. XVI., the clubs should be kept in the form of a half square, which is shown when the clubs cross in front. Swing inward circles alternately.

In Plate No. XVII. we return to a movement with three clubs. You should commence with the "windmill," crossing the left hand over the right, and continue to the left until both circles are accomplished.

The next plate (No. XVIII.) describes a front cross wrist combination. For this you place the clubs in the position shown in No. 1, advance the right hand club downwards and outwards to the left; follow with the left, making a parallel swing, and pass the right hand club over, so that you eventually assume once more the starting position.

Four clubs are again brought into requisition in No. XIX., where a four-club "glide" is shown. Combine this with the preceding one, and you have a fine series of movements, but you will have to be perfect with your glides before you will succeed in making each of the four clubs act independently, so to speak, in making its own glide.

Half square parallel combinations with four clubs, as shown in Plate No. XX., are very effective. The parallel circles are made as with two clubs, and the movement is plainly shown in the photographs.

(To be continued.)

PLATE No. XVII.

Photo. *R. W. Paul.*

FOLLOW CIRCLES WITH THREE CLUBS.

PLATE No. XVIII.

Photo. *R. W. Paul.*

FRONT CROSS WRIST COMBINATION.

PLATE No. XIX.

FOUR CLUB "GLIDE."

PLATE No XX.

HALF SQUARE PARALLEL WITH FOUR CLUBS.

It is Mr. Burrows' intention, providing sufficient promises are forthcoming from subscribers, to publish the series of articles in book form at the popular price of 6d., and he would be pleased to receive the names and addresses of would-be subscribers as early as possible. They may be sent to the offices of the Magazine, 131, Temple Chambers, E.C.

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The Tightest Place I was ever in.

I.—A Scrimmage in California.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

(Author of "Brothers," &c.).

• • •

MY brother is of opinion that the tightest place in which he has seen me was a pair of very snugly-fitting Bedford cord riding trowsers, worn by me on a certain pouring wet day in California, dried on me under a semi-tropical sun, and hauled off me by the united efforts of three strong men! In my own opinion, however, I have been in a yet tighter place, although it is certain that I did not suffer so much physical discomfort.

We—my brother and myself—had been shooting in the San Emigdio foothills of the Santa Lucia Mountains: the coast range of California. Here, in the early '80's, grizzlies were still to be found. But, although we saw tracks and "sign," the beasts themselves remained invisible. Bear-hunters will testify that even if you discover the very lair of the monster whom Californians call "Uncle Ephraim," he is almost invariably not at home.

Finally, we gave up our quest in despair, out of heart and out of grub. My brother suggested that we should find venison at a ranch, the nearest to the wilderness in which we had been wandering for the previous three weeks. We knew the boss and the foreman, and after a long day's travel were delighted to find both men at home. Living, as they were, some hundred miles from the nearest store, with no companions other than half a dozen cowboys, you may be sure that we received a hearty welcome. As we were putting our horses into the barn, our host said abruptly: "Got any whisky?"

"A big demijohn—nearly full," I replied. "It's yours, if you want it."

"Shush-h-h! Want it? Not I! We must hide it."

Then he explained that his cook saw "red" after taking one drink of alcohol. Accordingly, we hid the poison—for poison it is to such fellows—under a bale of hay.

ROUND THE RANCH FIRE.

After supper, we smoked in the sitting-room, which occupied the middle of the house, a long, low room, with a big fireplace at one end of it, our bedroom at the other end, and doors facing each other on the sides: through each door one passed on to a rough verandah. Garden there was none. Outside lay the big corrals and barns. Encompassing these, the huge ranch stretched for leagues—a sixty thousand acre grant of foothills and valleys, untouched by the plough.

The cowboys squatted about the fire and told stories as they smoked. The four chairs were occupied by boss, foreman, my brother, and myself. The foreman, John, was a big, loose-limbed

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fellow, extraordinarily skilful with the lariat (lassoo), and one of the finest horsemen in Southern California. His brother, Charlie, one of the cowboys, was half his size, but wiry as an Apache, and of much the same complexion. Both men said little, answering such questions as we put to them curtly, but not uncivilly.

At that time, our county—one of the last in California to be roused from sluggish stock-raising uses into agricultural and horticultural activities—had become a sort of sanctuary for cattle thieves and desperadoes. Stage-coaches were robbed frequently; banks were "held-up" and looted; hardly a month passed without its shooting affray.

The conversation turned naturally enough into these encarmined channels. Some of the "bad men" were known to us; John, the boss, had taken a prominent part, so it was whispered, in the lynching of a train-robber, the terror of the S. P. Co., who had worked as a cowboy on this very ranch, had sat, as we were sitting, about the fireplace, and had been reckoned by his fellows a quiet, peaceable citizen.

Suddenly, the foreman said in a slow drawl: "Let's quit this talk about bad men. Hugh may be through washin' up at any minute—and it's kinder pussonal, seein' as Hugh's father died with his boots on."

A GOOD COOK AND A BAD EGG.

"An' it wouldn't surprise me overly much," remarked Charlie, "ef that same sort o' send-off was in store for Hugh himself."

Hugh was the cook, who saw red whenever he smelled whisky. The boss whispered to me that his father had been strung up to a telegraph post, just outside the county town.

"He's a bad egg," he concluded, "is Hugh, but he's a darned good cook, as cooks go in these parts."

"Sing us a song, Charlie," said one of the cowboys.

After a little pressing, Charlie broke into a mournful ditty—a sort of *recitativo*, setting forth, in dismal procession, the misadventures and miseries of a tramp. The company listened with interest and sympathy. Looking at the spare figures and bronzed faces about the fireplace, one realised vaguely that in the inexorable trend of events their picturesque occupation must be taken from them within a decade. And dismounted, what awaited them, save a dreary tramp, afoot, through the country across which they had ridden so gaily in the past?

While Charlie was singing, I kept an eye on the door, looking for Hugh, the cook. I had not had more than a glimpse of him, and the son of a man who had been lynched stirred my curiosity. But he did not come in.

After a couple of songs, somebody proposed an exhibition of high-kicking, which led to other feats of strength and activity. The fun had begun. One could see the grave faces of these silent men change. As their blood began to circulate, one felt, as they felt, the throb of excitement, the pulse beating fiercely beneath the touch of competition.

And then, without a moment's warning, Hugh stalked into the room, carrying my Winchester magazine rifle in one hand and the demijohn of whisky in the other. Every man, save he, was unarmed. Hugh had the "drop" on the crowd.

"HELD UP."

We stared at him. He was a handsome young fellow, and drink had flushed his cheeks and lent a sparkle to his eyes. He laughed, fingering the rifle as if it were a toy, spinning it round dexterously.

"Put that down, Hugh," said John quietly, "we're having some fun here, and we want you to join us."

"Do ye?" said Hugh, contemptuously. "Well, I have joined ye—haven't I? And now I am a-going to have the fun. D'ye know who I am?" He glared at each of us in turn. "I'm not wearin' my crown and robes" (he was in flannel shirt and overalls), "but I'm the king, that's who I am, and don't ye forget it!"

He twirled the rifle faster. Nobody moved.

"Is that gun loaded?" said Charlie.

"You bet! See!" He fired into the ceiling as he spoke. When the noise died away, he added savagely—

"I'm the boss to-night, an' I'm a-goin' to make you fellers obey *me*. A bullet goes plum into the head of the first man as moves without my say-so. D'ye hear?"

"We hear," said John quietly. "All the same, Hugh, I'd quit this foolin' if I was you."

"Shut up yer mouth!"

John shut his mouth, almost with a snap. And then I saw that grim fixity of purpose upon his face, which is no more to be mistaken or ignored than the first warning of the rattlesnake poised for his deadly stroke.

"I'm the king, ain't I, Charlie?"

"Sure," said Charlie.

"I'm the king, boys, ain't I? Answer—every mother's son of ye!"

We answered solemnly: "You're the king, Hugh."

"I own this sheebang—hey?" he addressed the boss.

"Looks like it."

"That bein' so, I mean ter choose my comp'ny. I've nothin' agen you, boys," he addressed my brother and me. "You sit right there, an' make yerselves at home. But you"—he turned furious eyes on our host—"you swine, you've made it hot for me, mor'n once. Stan' up!"

SOME PERSONALITIES.

The boss rose slowly.

"Now—march! Skip out o' this—an' don't come back to-night! I'm a-goin' ter sleep in yer bed, wear yer pyjamas, and play I'm you. Git!"

The boss marched out of the room.

"John and Charlie—stan' up!"

The foreman and his brother stood up. One could see the sinews beneath the skin, rigid with rage and humiliation. The bead of the rifle covered first one, then the other.

"The bacon and beans didn't suit ye yesterday," said Hugh, playing with the trigger. "An' las' Sunday, when I oversleep' myself, both of ye made remarks—insultin' remarks. Now, down ye go, on yer knees—an' apologise. *Quick!*"

"No," said John quietly. "Shoot an' be d—d!"

Hugh didn't shoot, but he laughed loudly.

"John, old socks, ye've a nerve. Well, you two skip out! An' don't come back! If ye do, by the living Jingo, I'll bore a hole through ye. Git!"

They got.

Three cowboys were left. Hugh eyed them reflectively.

"Pore white trash," he said slowly. "You ain't fit ter associate with me an' these yer gen'lemen. *Mosey!*"

They "mosied."

"Hold on! Don't forget to shet the door! Me an' these gen'lemen air a-goin' to whoop things up a bit, understan'? We may paint this sheebang a pale shrimp pink before we quit. And we don't want to be disturbed—see? Make that plain to the boss and John. Because if one o' them doors moves I shan't wait ter ask who's pushin' it, but I propose ter fire—through it. See? That's all."

The cowboys went out, carefully closing the door. There were no windows, for the doors in the daytime served as such. Hugh laughed, staring hard at me.

"Say," he began, "I heard that son of a gun tell you to hide the demijohn, and I saw where you hid it. Come on, let's celebrate! I'll stand here and watch them doors. One must be keerful. You drink first, boys. Take a good wad—with my regards."

It seemed expedient to humour him, especially as by so doing we gained possession of the whisky. I was putting the demijohn to my lips, when I heard Hugh say sharply:

"Jeroosalem!"

IN THE LINE OF FIRE.

When I looked up, both doors were wide open. They opened outwards. Hugh glared fiercely through each in turn into the void beyond. Nobody could be seen. At once I realized what was about to happen. The men had armed themselves, and would have as little hesitation in shooting down this rebel as in killing a cur who had snapped at them. The

expediency of taking up a position on the floor occurred to me. The room was small. With the best wish in the world not to injure us, these cowboys must take that risk, *if* the shooting began.

"Will you surrender, Hugh?" John spoke.

"Surrender? Hell?"

A figure, pistol in hand, flitted across the open door. Hugh raised his rifle. Another figure appeared at the opposite door. He turned swiftly; the figure slipped out of sight. This happened half a dozen times with uncanny monotony. Then Hugh said to us:

"Don't be scared, boys; *an' sit where ye are!*"

Obviously, Hugh had enough wit to perceive that the men outside might be slow to shoot so long as we sat in the line of fire. But if this madman began the battle—what then? Afterwards, three excellent ways of escape occurred to me; at the time, however, my mind seemed blank. We sat perfectly still.

Then, the unexpected happened.

Hugh was standing between two open doors, and the autumn wind blew in upon him.

"Charlie," he shouted; "oh—Charlie!"

An invisible Charlie answered quietly: "What is it, Hugh?"

"I want my coat, d'ye hear? Fetch me my coat."

"Why, certainly," said Charlie.

A LIVELY SCRIMMAGE.

I wondered whether he would obey this queer order. It might so easily prove a ruse to get an open shot at an enemy. Charlie walked in, carrying the coat. All in all, I take this to be one of the coolest and bravest actions I have ever witnessed. He sauntered in, cool as a cucumber, with a slightly derisive smile upon his lips.

"Here's yer coat," he said, holding it out.

Somehow, I divined what was in the cowboy's brain. As he held out the coat, I saw Charlie measuring the distance between himself and Hugh. The rifle was pointed straight at his head. Hugh, holding the rifle with one hand, reached for the coat. At that moment, Charlie ducked and jumped; and I jumped; and my brother jumped. Hugh crashed to the floor with three men upon him. Boss and foreman fell upon our bodies.

When we disentangled ourselves, I saw that the boss had the king by the ears, and was sitting astride his prostrate body. He raised his majesty's head, and pounded the floor with it.

"Hold hard," said John. "This flooring is kinder rotten."

Next morning, Hugh was led to the ranch fence, and told politely that if he valued his health he would seek other pastures. He did.

Decadence of Cricket and Football.

Now that the cricket season is over we may be allowed to hint that the game is rapidly changing its character and becoming a matter of commercial enterprise and desolating statistics rather than a sport to be temperately followed for its own sake. . . . Matters are worse in football, formerly one of the best games in existence.—*Morning Post.*

Navy and Army Boxing Championships.

GOOD SPORT AT ALDERSHOT.

AS mentioned briefly in our last week's issue, the annual boxing competitions for officers and men of the Navy and Army took place in the Aldershot Gymnasium on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in last week, and proved a huge success. Last year no fewer than 198 competitors signified their desire to take part in the several events—a record entry. This time 181 sent in their names, and probably as regards the actual numbers competing there was a very slight difference compared with 1904. As usual, money is offered for warrant, petty, and non-commissioned officers, seamen, and privates, and the officers are rewarded for their prowess with handsome silver cups. The latter, of course, were in a minority, but the entry of 33 exceeded that of last year by nine, when for the first time the featherweight class was introduced. The "Tommies" are very well to the fore, as a glance at the entries show, viz., heavyweights 19, middleweights 23, lightweights 48, featherweights 48. The chief official duties were ably taken by the following:—Col. S. P. Rolt, Inspector of Gymnasia, referee; Lieut. Bentinck, 3rd Coldstream Guards, and Lieut. A. R. Snagge, Royal Navy, judges; Col. Goldfray, timekeeper; Lieut. and Qrmr. Fowles, Irish Guards, M.C. The seconds included Colr.-Sergt.-Major Dent, Colr.-Sergt.-Major Wragg, Colr.-Sergt.-Major Delaney, Pte. Collins, Dick Gordon, Jerry Driscoll, and the brothers Philip. Details:—

COMPETITIONS FOR OFFICERS.

FEATHERWEIGHTS (9 st. and under).

First Series.—Lieut. G. D. A. Shaw (R.F.A.) beat Second-Lieut. H. M. Powell (1st South Staffordshire Regiment).

Lieut. R. C. Williams (Royal Field Artillery) beat Lieut. E. H. S. Thomas (1st Royal Irish Fusiliers).

Lieut. G. D. A. Shaw (R.F.A.) beat Lieut. R. H. Lane (Army Veterinary Department).

SEMI-FINALS.—Lieut. G. D. A. Shaw (Royal Field Artillery) beat Lieut. G. C. Blair (1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers).—Shaw began in characteristic style. He rushed at his opponent, and fought him all over the ring, making effective use of both hands. Although much taller, Blair, try as he would, could not stall him off. The same tactics were pursued in the second meeting, save that, the pace being hot, both took a breather. Blair was hustled about from pillar to post in the last set-to, until he cried content.

Capt. J. G. Horne (Royal Marine Light Infantry) beat Lieut. R. C. Williams (Royal Field Artillery).—A good match for size, as well as ability. Horne scored at the start with a straight left in the face, and Williams responded with some spanking hits on the head. The Marine was a bit the better towards the close, and he received the verdict.

LIGHTWEIGHTS (10 st. and under).

First Series.—Lieut. G. C. Blair (1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers) beat Capt. D. C. Kemp (Indian Medical Service).

Lieut. R. C. Williams (Royal Field Artillery) beat Veterinary-Capt. E. P. Barry (2nd Life Guards).

Lieut. J. G. Horne (R.M.L.I.), a bye.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS (11 st. 4 lbs. and under).

First Series.—Lieut. G. M. Lindsay (Rifle Brigade) beat Assistant-Paymaster H. C. Rowley (H.M.S. *Cambridge*).

Lieut. G. P. Pears (Royal Engineers) beat Lieut. R. C. de Crespigny (1st Grenadier Guards).

Byes: Capt. J. G. Horne (Royal Marine Light Infantry), Lieut. W. H. P. Richards (Royal Marine Light Infantry), and Capt. Long (Royal Scots Greys).

Second Series.—Capt. Long (Royal Scots Greys) beat Lieut. W. H. P. Richards (Royal Marine Light Infantry).

—A good start. Long led off, but Richards, cool and collected, made play skilfully with a left jab. Honours were even. To begin the next meeting, Richards forced the pace, but he was never able to take a decided lead. So far, the Scots Grey had not made the best use of himself, but he bestirred himself in the final passage of arms. Still, Richards's left was so prominent that he seemed to have just won at the finish. The judges, however, disagreed, and the referee ordered an extra three minutes. A trifle stronger, Long had a shade the better of the exchanges this time, and the decision went his way.

Lieut. G. P. Pears (Royal Engineers) beat Lieut. G. M. Lindsay (Rifle Brigade).—The engineer cut out the work at a smart pace, and, playing a merry tattoo on Lindsay's face, painted him red before the first meeting had closed. Pears maintained a forceful attack, and Lindsay was receiver-general in the next stage, but he was very strong, and took all his gruel smiling. Both were fairly fought to a standstill in the final set-to. In a severe bout the award went to Pears.

SEMI-FINAL.—Lieut. R. B. Campbell (2nd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry) beat Capt. Long.—After a stiff struggle, extending the full time, Campbell won on points.

HEAVYWEIGHT (any weight).

First Series.—Major Burt (3rd Dragoon Guards) beat Lieut. Tyrell (Indian Army).

Lieut. W. S. D. Craven (Royal Horse Artillery) beat Capt. O. D. Macpherson (1st Cameron Highlanders).

Byes: Sub-Lieut. R. P. Kingscote (H.M.S. *Good Hope*) and Lieut. J. O. H. Moore (Royal Engineers).

SEMI-FINALS.—Lieut. J. O. H. Moore (Royal Engineers) beat Major A. Burt (2nd Dragoon Guards).—Moore dropped his man directly the latter put up his hands. The Dragoon stood no chance, and, after being upset thrice in half a minute, his second interfered to save him unnecessary punishment.

Lieut. W. S. D. Craven (Royal Horse Artillery) beat Sub-Lieut. R. P. Kingscote (H.M.S. *Good Hope*).—The bigger man by half a stone, Craven opened very aggressively, hustling his man all over the ring. Kingscote possessed plenty of pluck, but he was no match for the gunner, who won easily in the next stage.

FEATHERWEIGHTS (9 st. and under).

FINAL.—Lieut. G. D. A. Shaw (Royal Field Artillery) beat Lieut. R. C. Williams (Royal Field Artillery).—Williams was a good inch the taller, and longer in the reach. Determined as usual, Shaw at once worked in close, and then Williams was receiver-general. The latter made repeated attempts to stab his man off with the left. He was not entirely successful at the start, but, improving, quite held his own in the second meeting. Williams showed some cleverness with his head, and gave the holder the hardest battle he had yet had in the meeting. Still, the aggressiveness of Shaw told most in the concluding stage, and the verdict went his way.

LIGHTWEIGHTS (10 st. and under).

FINAL.—Lieut. G. D. A. Shaw (R.F.A.) beat Capt. J. G. Horne (Royal Marine Light Infantry).—Horne possessed the natural advantages of height and reach, and, keeping out of the way of Shaw's rushes, had little the worst of the first meeting. Shaw, however, would not be denied. He chased Horne all round the ring in the second term, and at times the Marine came in for rough treatment. The last-named tired a deal in the final meeting, and twice visited the floor. Shaw won readily.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS (11 st. 4 lb. and under).

FINAL.—Lieut. R. B. Campbell (2nd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry) beat Lieut. G. P. Pears (Royal Engineers). Campbell appeared nearly a stone the heavier. Pears jabbed his man cleverly with the left until Campbell dazed him with a spanking right on the jaw. Pears partially recovered, but was dropped thrice, time alone saving him. The Engineer was in difficulties very early in the second round, whereupon the referee stopped the bout, making Campbell the victor.

HEAVYWEIGHTS.

FINAL.—Lieut. W. S. D. Craven (Royal Horse Artillery) beat Lieut. J. O'H. Moore (Royal Engineers).—Pushing, holding, and butting was the rule. Moore, the heavier man, flung his arms about wildly, and, through Craven holding his head down, landed most blows. At the end of the first round the referee said he had no wish to see a butting match. There was a slight improvement in the next term, though neither man possessed any science worth speaking of. Very luckily, Craven found the spot, and, being twice upset, the Engineer was counted out.

COMPETITIONS FOR WARRANT, PETTY, AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, SEAMEN, AND PRIVATES.

FEATHERWEIGHTS (9 st. and under).

First Series.—Pte. Berry (11th Hussars) beat Corpl. H. James (1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers).

Able-Seaman Tipper (H.M.S. *Victory*) beat Driver W. Cook (24th Batt. Royal Field Artillery).

Pte. P. Stafford (Royal Scots Fusiliers) beat Driver E. Davies (68th Batt. R.F.A.).

Stoker H. Fox (H.M.S. *Victory*) beat Lance-Corpl. C. Martinelli (2nd Lincolnshire Regt.).

Pte. H. Blake (2nd Middlesex Regt.) beat Shoeing-Smith G. Rooney (Riding Establishment, Royal Artillery).

Able-Seaman P. Connor (H.M.S. *King Alfred*) beat Driver Jerry (16th Co. Army Service Corps).

Pte. J. Johnson (1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers) beat Lance-Corpl. G. T. Philip (1st Grenadier Guards).

Driver Hemmings (58th Co. Army Service Corps) a bye.

Pte. J. Smith (1st East Surrey Regiment) beat Shoeing-Smith Collins (Army Service Corps).

Seaman W. Mercer (H.M.S. *Illustrious*) beat Acting-Bombr. S. Westwood (100th Battalion R.F.A.).

Sergt. H. Weedon (1st Royal Fusiliers) beat Pte. E. Shepherd (2nd Leicestershire Regiment).

Leading Seaman P. Ward (H.M.S. *Victory*) beat Pte. R. W. Lloyd (2nd Middlesex Regiment).

Lance-Corpl. Walsh (Royal Irish Rifles) beat Corpl. P. Scott (Army Service Corps).

Pte. T. Richardson (1st Royal North Lancashire Regiment), a bye; Pte. G. Lynes (1st Yorkshire Regiment), scratched.

Seaman G. Bourne (H.M.S. *Victory*) beat Drmr. J. Leahey (2nd South Wales Borderers).

Driver Hemmings (58th Company A.S.C.) and Bandsman W. Duff (The Buffs) received byes.

Second Series.—Pte. Berry (11th Hussars) beat Able-Seaman A. Tipper (H.M.S. *Victory*).

Pte. J. Johnson (1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers) beat Bandsman W. Duff (The Buffs).

Third Series.—Seaman Mercer beat Pte. J. Smith.

Seaman Ward beat Sergt. Weedon.

Pte. Berry beat Stoker H. Fox (H.M.S. *Victory*).

Pte. H. Blake (1st Royal Fusiliers) beat Pte. J. Johnson (1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers).

Fourth Series.—Leading Seaman G. Bourne beat Pte. T. Richardson.

Leading Seaman W. Mercer beat Leading Seaman P. Ward.

Pte. Berry and Pte. H. Blake, byes.

SEMI-FINAL.—Pte. Berry beat Pte. H. Blake.—A lot of good and even milling was seen in the first round. Blake had a shade the better of the second meeting, but in the last Berry proved much stronger. He had his opponent in difficulties, but Blake managed to stay till "Time." Berry won on points.

Bourne beat Mercer.—Mercer showed to most advantage in the opening round. He led neatly and had a good guard. Very strong and determined, Bourne took everything with good grace, being quite content to land an occasional swing. Ding-dong exchanges prevailed in the

second round, but for the last Bourne's strength and stamina pulled him through a narrow winner on points.

FINAL.—Pte. Berry (11th Hussars) beat Seaman G. Bourne (H.M.S. *Victory*).—The sailor, a powerful man for the weight, forced the exchanges, but the Hussar was fast on his feet, and refused to stand as a target for the sailor. It was a level opening. Bourne was inclined to hold, and received a word from the referee. The seaman was the more aggressive in the second meeting, and took the lead. Next time both sparred cautiously. The Hussar gave as good as he received, and got in several useful body punches. It was a near thing at the finish, and, with the judges disagreeing, the referee ordered an extra two minutes.

LIGHTWEIGHTS (10 st. and under).

First Series.—Leading Seaman P. J. Keogh (H.M.S. *Victory*) beat Lance-Corpl. J. Wakely (2nd South Wales Borderers).

Pte. T. Johnson (1st South Staffordshire Regt.) beat Gnr. S. Symonds (93rd Batt. Royal Field Artillery).

Able-Seaman T. Moriarty (Gunnery School, Sheerness) beat Pte. Bell (21st Lancers).

Corpl. G. J. Holmes (Royal Marine Light Infantry) beat Sergt. Brindley (2nd East Yorkshire Regt.).

Stoker W. Rogers (H.M.S. *Acheron*) beat Pte. M. Crilly (Inniskilling Dragoons).

Lance-Corpl. A. Baker (1st Royal West Kent Regt.) beat Lance-Corpl. McKay (2nd King's Regt.).

Driver J. Reynolds (1st Telegraphic Co. Royal Engineers) beat Driver H. Walsh (149th Battery R.F.A.).

Byes: Lance-Corpl. W. Johnson (1st King's Shropshire Light Infantry), Pte. D. Mattocks (1st Royal Fusiliers), Wheeler J. F. Thomas (A Battery, Royal Horse Artillery), and Pte. Cox (2nd King's Regt.).

Second Series.—Pte. H. Rudge beat Lance-Sergt. Beezley.

Corpl. B. Blake beat Driver H. Maher.

Corpl. East beat Pte. A. Davies.

Lance-Corpl. J. Reid beat Pte. R. Brewer.

Wheeler J. F. Thomas beat Pte. J. Cox.

Leading-Seaman P. J. Keogh beat Pte. T. Johnson.

Able-Seaman T. Moriarty beat Corpl. G. J. Holmes.

Stoker W. Rogers beat Lance-Corpl. A. Baker.

Pte. Stephens beat Driver Miller.

Third Series.—Pte. H. Rudge beat Driver Reynolds.

Corpl. Blake beat Corpl. East.

Lance-Corpl. Reid beat Pte. Stephens.

Pte. D. Mattocks beat Lance-Corpl. W. Johnson.

Leading-Seaman P. J. Keogh beat Wheeler J. F. Thomas.

Able-Seaman T. Moriarty beat Stoker W. Rogers.

Fourth Series.—Lance-Corpl. J. Reid (Depot, Manchester Regt.) beat Pte. D. Mattocks (1st Royal Fusiliers).

Leading-Seaman P. J. Keogh and Able-Seaman T. Moriarty, byes.

Corpl. P. Blake, a bye; Pte. H. Rudge, absent.

SEMI-FINALS.—Able-Seaman T. Moriarty (Gunnery School, Sheerness) beat Leading-Seaman P. J. Keogh (H.M.S. *Victory*).—So much caution was displayed at the outset that hardly a good blow was exchanged. In the second round Keogh used his left cleverly on his opponent's face, and though Moriarty was smart in his countering, he hardly kept pace with the *Victory* man. Moriarty spurted in the final round, and, doing splendidly, especially at close quarters, fully earned the award.

Blake beat Reid.—After a level opening meeting, Blake made matters very lively for Reid. He fought him all over the ring, and, though very game, Reid was hard put to it to keep afoot till time afforded him welcome relief. Reid was beaten to a standstill half-way through the last meeting.

FINAL.—Able-Seaman T. Moriarty (Gunnery School) beat Corpl. B. Blake (1st Royal Fusiliers).—Blake, the bigger man, had to contend with a wear-and-tear, energetic rival. The soldier was fond of using the right, but the sailor, boring in, steadied him with two rasping jolts on the body. Moriarty was a trifle in front on round one. Next time, Moriarty continued to box very usefully. He put both hands on jaw and body with effect, and Blake replied with a couple of stiff jabs on the face. In the last set-to, Moriarty hit the harder, and though the soldier chanced his right, it did not come off, and Moriarty was hailed the winner.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS (11 st. 4 lb. and under).

First Series.—Pte. Warner (3rd Dragoon Guards) beat Leading-Seaman J. Smallman (H.M.S. *Victory*).

Gnr. Newcombe (26th Co. R.G.A.) beat Corpl. Green (B Depot, Royal Horse Artillery).

Pte. R. Dickson (2nd Scots Guards) beat Pte. C. Rainger (2nd Co. Royal Army Medical Corps).

Pte. Salter (21st Lancers) beat First-class Petty Officer J. O'Neill (H.M.S. *Victory*).

Sapr. R. Huggins (Training Battalion 3rd Dragoon Guards) beat Pte. J. Dallas (2nd Leicestershire Regiment).

First-class P.O. E. Warne (H.M.S. *Excellent*), Drmr. C. Smart (2nd Middlesex Regiment), Able-Seaman C. Watson (H.M.S. *Pembroke*), Gnr. T. Grainger (71st Battery Royal Field Artillery), Sergt. Roberts (18th Hussars), Gnr. F. Jeffs (100th Battery Royal Field Artillery), and Lance-Corpl. Warr (1st Batt. The Buffs) had byes.

Second Series.—Pte. Warner beat Gnr. Newcombe.

Drmr. C. Smart beat Lance-Corpl. C. Warr.

Able-Seaman C. Watson beat Gnr. T. Grainger.

Sergt. Roberts (18th Hussars) beat Gnr. F. Jeffs (100th Battery R.F.A.).

Third Series.—Drmr. C. Smart beat First-class P.O. E. Warne.

Sapr. R. Huggins beat Able-Seaman H. Thatcher.

Pte. Salter beat Pte. R. Dickson.

Fourth Series.—Pte. Warner beat Drmr. C. Smart.

Able-Seaman C. Watson beat Sergt. Roberts.

Pte. Salter and Sapr. R. Huggins, byes.

SEMI-FINALS.—Salter beat Huggins.—Huggins was taller and longer in the reach, but the Lancer hit the harder at the outset. The Engineer was slow in settling down, and did not make much use of himself. The last meeting proved the most lively of the trio. Huggins was much more active, and Salter took his own part briskly in the closing minute. The judges voted for Salter.

Watson beat Warner.—Though the heavier, Warner was not so quick as the seaman, who, after outpointing the Dragoon at the start, administered so much gruel in the second meeting that Warner was very glad at the call of "time." Warner recuperated, and made Watson go all out in the final set-to. The Dragoon was well whipped for points.

FINAL.—Able-Seaman C. Watson (H.M.S. *Pembroke*) beat Pte. Salter (21st Lancers).—In size, there was little to choose. At first, Watson's left did the damage, but, rushing in, Salter brought his right into play with marked effect. Salter was very quick at in-fighting. The second meeting saw Watson chief aggressor, and, try as he would, the soldier could not keep him at bay. Salter made a fine effort in the last round, but the long left of his opponent generally effected most damage. At the close, Salter lost the decision on points.

HEAVYWEIGHTS.

First Series.—Ship's-Corpl. Harvey (H.M.S. *Good Hope*) beat Sergt. Croxon (18th Hussars).

Gnr. McFadden (R.M.L.I.) beat Pte. Blanchard (2nd South Wales Borderers).

Pte. H. Sharpe (3rd Coldstream Guards) beat Pte. A. Davies (1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers).

The other competitors received byes.

Second Series.—Corpl. J. Sunshine (1st Royal Fusiliers) beat Pte. H. T. Butt (R.M.L.I.).

Second-class P.O. D. Morgan (H.M.S. *Victory*) beat Pte. J. McLoughlin (1st Irish Guards).

Pte. T. Harris (Essex Regiment) beat Leading-Seaman F. Broadbent (H.M.S. *Victory*).

Able-Seaman J. Kelly (H.M.S. *Victory*) beat Trpr. Cooke (Royal Horse Guards).

Third Series.—First-class P.O. J. Donald (H.M.S. *Caledonia*) beat Ship's-Corpl. Harvey (H.M.S. *Good Hope*).

Gnr. McFadden beat Pte. Sharp.

Fourth Series.—Corpl. J. Sunshine beat Second-class P.O. D. Morgan.

Pte. T. Harris beat Able-Seaman J. Kelly.

First-class P.O. J. Donald (H.M.S. *Caledonia*) and Gnr. McFadden (Royal Marine Artillery), byes.

SEMI-FINALS.—Donald beat McFadden. Donald was in better condition, otherwise they were about equally matched. McFadden could not go the pace with the sailor in the first round, and was twice badly upset. The minute interval did the gunner good, and he almost held his own in the second stage. Both fought with fine effect towards the finish. McFadden landed some stiff jolts on the jaw with his right, and the sailor's left jab was decidedly effective. Finally Donald won on points.

Sunshine beat Harris.—Sunshine was the bigger man, but Harris was scoring most, when he got into trouble with the referee for holding. The ex-champion disregarded the caution, and consequently was disqualified before the initial meeting had closed.

FINAL.—Corpl. J. Sunshine (1st Royal Fusiliers) beat First-class P.O. J. Donald (H.M.S. *Caledonia*).—A minute and a half sufficed for this bout. Donald shaped very well, but, in some close work, a half-arm jolt on the point by Sunshine found the vulnerable spot, and the sailor immediately succumbed.

Our Physical Culture Competition.

No. 4177 (DOVER).

SPECIAL NOTICE.

More New Features.

We have great pleasure in announcing that, commencing with this week, we shall commence a series of thrilling stories from some of the most noted travellers of the present day. These thrilling personal sketches will appear under the title, "The Tightest Place I was ever in," and will include:

MY FIGHT ON THE WESTERN PRAIRIE.
By HORACE A. VACHELL (Author of "Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope," &c.

HOW I NEARLY STARVED TO DEATH.
By HARRY DE WINDT (the Famous Explorer.)

THE WORST HOUR OF MY LIFE.
By GEORGE GRIFFITH (Author of "In an Unknown Prison Land," &c.

MY RACE FOR LIFE.
By LOUIS BECKE (Author of "Old Convict Days," &c.)

ALMOST SHOT FOR AN OUTLAW.
By R. M. MACDONALD (Gold and Sapphire Miner.)

IN A TEXAN BARN.
By R. B. TOWNSHEND (the Mexican Traveller and Author.)

A GRIZZLY FIGHTIN' MAD.
By "SIOUX" (a Famous Canadian Civil Servant.)

LOST IN THE SPITZBERGEN ICEFLOES.
By CAPT. F. G. JACKSON (of the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition.)

This week *H. A. VACHELL* graphically describes his wonderful escape from a drunken ranch cook;

And ***HARRY DE WINDT,*** the famous traveller, tells how he just escaped death, in "How I nearly starved to death." Following these

GEORGE GRIFFITH, in "The Worst Hour of My Life," will recount a personal adventure. It was on a lofty pass of the High Andes, and for miles the path was a small shelf in the precipitous crags. The mule stumbled, and for a whole day the narrator was lying with his broken leg beneath its dead body, "potting at condors and vultures which had an insatiable curiosity as to how long he would be in dying."

LOUIS BECKE will tell how whilst prospecting for copper on the coast of New Guinea, two of the author's companions were killed by savages, whilst he and another kept up a running fight along the banks of a creek until the shore was reached, when both men were rescued at a most critical moment by a boat from their ship. "My Race for Life is a realistic narrative."

R. M. MACDONALD, a wanderer in many lands, contributes "Almost Shot for an Outlaw." At the time of the Klondyke rush, a gang of desperadoes plundered Mr. Macdonald's camp. At Lindemann Mr. Macdonald was found to be wearing the boots of the chief outlaw upon whom he had retaliated, and was led out by the firing party to the riverside. . . . "'Three!' The words followed by the rifle-reports sounded faintly in my ears, a thunderous roar reverberated everywhere," and then—Mr. Macdonald escaped by the skin of his teeth: *how* the article thrillingly reveals.

R. B. TOWNSHEND, author of "Lone Pine," and other romances of Texas, tells how he narrowly escaped death from the horns of a wounded bull. Marvellous—exciting—thrilling in the extreme.

"SIOUX." Overtaken in the Rockies by an early snow-fall, "Sioux," and his companion camped near their dead pack-horse, by whose side a bear trap was placed. One evening, whilst his friend was going the round of his traps, the Author strolled to a neighbouring spring where he was ambushed and pursued by a raging grizzly. After a wildly exciting chase pursuer and pursued fell into a deep snowdrift, where the latter's foot was caught in the cleft branch of a tree, whilst the bear, within a hair's breadth of striking distance was anchored by the trap-chain and log, caught between two slender pines. The Author's escape was sudden, unexpected, and only just in time.

CAPTAIN F. G. JACKSON, leader of more than one Polar expedition, sets down his "tightest corner"—adrift off the shore of Spitzbergen, in an ice-packed sea. How ever the small boat came to safety was a marvel. "Lost in the Spitzbergen Icefloes" is a most extraordinary narrative

Our Physical Culture Competition.

AWARDS FOR JULY.

ONCE again the judges report a serious falling off in the entries for the junior section of our Competition, a state of things much to be deplored, and one which we are quite at a loss to account for. There is only one excuse we are able to put forward, and that is, during the summer months youth prefers to give up systematic for recreative exercise, with the idea that the latter will do him just as much good. A greater mistake was never made, and it is one which we have always tried our utmost to point out. That such is the case we have ample proof. One youthful competitor, who was unsuccessful during the early months of the year, has recently entered again, and with his coupon forwards a letter to the effect that his measurements are not so good because he has not been working regularly at his exercises since the summer commenced!

Going back to the matter of the paucity of entries in the junior section, the judges have once more been compelled to adopt the very unsatisfactory course of withholding their decision in that section for the month of July. This is quite as disappointing to us as to those competitors who sent in their names, and who will now be included amongst the August list.

Whilst this disheartening state of

Mr. STEPHEN P. COHEN, Blackpool. Winner, over 18 years.

things prevails amongst followers of physical culture of the younger generation, it is indeed pleasing to find their seniors showing increased zest, the number of competitors for July in the section for those over eighteen years of age being quite up to the average, and including a greater proportion of entrants from abroad.

Here the judges had a very difficult task to decide who was entitled to receive the coveted gold medal, but eventually they were unanimous in their decision with regard to Mr. Stephen P. Cohen, of Blackpool, who for a young man just attained his majority can boast of a very fine symmetrical development. Mr. Cohen says that during the last three and a half years he has been training exclusively under the Sandow system, and at the beginning of the year he was a pupil at the Tottenham Court Road School. He states that his measurements in March, 1903, were: Age 18; neck, 13 in.; chest (contracted), 30 in. (expanded), 34 in.: biceps (right), 12 in. (left), 11¼ in.; forearm (right), 10 in. (left), 9½ in.; waist, 26 in.; thigh, 19 in. It is sufficient evidence of the advance he has made since to state that his chest measurement is now 37½ in., biceps 13½ in., and forearm 11¼ in.

Breathing is the important thing in physical life.

You live a week without water, a month without solid food—not five minutes without air.

Exercise is valuable chiefly, says the New York *Journal*, because it compels deep breathing. It is useful also because it makes you perspire and inclines you to frequent bathing.

But the principal function of all physical exercise is to keep the lungs in good order.

We live not on the food we eat. That food only repairs waste or builds up the growing child.

We really live and work on the electric forces that we absorb as we breathe.

The iron in the blood—lots of it in the red corpuscles—takes up the electric force, and your body is simply a complicated electric motor.

Why are doctors always putting iron into feeble people?

Because the iron is needed to act as a magnet when it passes through the lungs in the blood. More than half the doctors don't know why we need iron.

The extraordinary increase in the consumption of tea in the United Kingdom raises the question as to the effect the drink has on those who take large quantities of it.

"The tea habit," said Dr. Yorke Davies, the well-known consulting physician, "is most subtle and injurious. Among a certain class it does as much harm, if not more, than alcohol.

"Tea has much the same effect as any other stimulant, and that is an increased wear and tear of the nervous system.

"The fact is that people do not realise that tea is a stimulant—a drug—and should be used with moderation."

Vegetarianism.

* * *

WE hear much to-day of the advantages of a non-flesh diet, whether it be for the few who are desirous of leading the "simple life," says the *Evening Standard*, or for the many whose aim it is to live the life of the average man or woman of the world in such a fashion that its complexity shall lead to the least possible wear and tear of body and brain. In the latter category we may include the ever-increasing number of women in the ranks of the "busy idlers" as well as in those of the wage-earners, who are adopting one or other of the many vegetarian régimes now in vogue. In a word, vegetarianism is the fashion; it has come to stay; and the pioneers of the movement may retire into the rear to digest their wholemeal bread and lentil soup, with the consciousness of work well done, leaving the van to be swelled by a crowd of eager recruits of all ranks and classes of society.

It is a popular fallacy, beloved of certain political economists, that the demand creates the supply! The fallacious nature of the statement is nowhere more apparent than with regard to the question of vegetarianism, as it affects those who would follow it outside the walls of their own homes.

The difficulty of procuring even the simplest articles of diet when travelling has but to be experienced to be appreciated; while at almost all hotels, restaurants, and even at many private clubs, a vegetarian menu is a thing unknown. Twenty minutes' patient waiting after an order has been given may result in the appearance of macaroni floating in acrid pink sauce, to convince us it is *à l'Italienne*, or confined in burnt breadcrumbs that it may call itself *au gratin*. Unless we happen on a restaurant with a foreign chef these dishes will probably be uneatable, while in most of the country hotels it is impossible to strike any of the gastronomic *nuances* that range between plain bread and cheese and the inevitable cold sirloin.

A lady who was travelling to the West of England a short time since found herself obliged to dine on the restaurant car attached to the train, and, being a strict observer of the dietetic rules laid down by Dr. Haig, was intending to make her meal of potatoes, bread, cheese, and butter. Oxtail soup, which was the first item upon the menu, was declined, as was the fish which followed, and, eschewing the green peas served with the joint, she asked for some potatoes.

To her surprise the waiter at once summoned a sort of major-domo, who informed her that she could not be permitted to take so frugal a meal amid the glories of the dining-car, nothing but table d'hôte luncheon being served there, the price for that being 2s. 6d. The lady, who was travelling first-class, and whose dress and appearance did not suggest any shortness of funds as the reason for her simple demands, mildly assured him that she was quite willing to pay for beef and oxtail soup, though she preferred to eat only potatoes and cheese; and, to the credit of the official, be it said that, on hearing this satisfactory statement, he took much trouble in getting her a glass of milk and a lettuce, and finally suggested that she should pay 1s. 6d. only for her dinner.

This incident emphasises one of the many trivial annoyances which beset the path of the vegetarian who, when she would fain select from a superabundance the few articles that appeal to her taste, is instantly regarded as a mean-spirited or poverty-stricken wretch, whose custom is not worth having.

The writer of these paragraphs was recently dining in a well-known London restaurant with a friend, and, having given her order to a profoundly bowing waiter, saw his whole demeanour change, and heard him exclaim angrily to a confrère, "Only two veg's," subsequently neglecting their particular table with persistency during the entire meal.

If those concerned would unite in demanding that the stigma should be removed, and that a simple, well-cooked vegetarian menu should be served at restaurants and clubs, they would be doing a really good work; and it would be well if those concerned in the management of ladies' clubs would see that a proper supply of good milk and some really nutritious bread were available.

Sour milk and rolls, of iron consistency, and small nourishing quality, are not the best forms of support to take before a concert, theatre, or afternoon of shopping and calls.

Our Physical Culture Competition.

No. 4107 (NORTHAMPTON).

No. 3982 (MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA).

—— Sporting Notes. ——

* * *

Swimming.

In the Southport Baths last week, B. B. Kieran, the Australian swimmer, succeeded in beating his own record of 6 mins. 7 1-5 secs. for 500 yards, made at Leeds on August 28. Swimming magnificently, he covered the distance in exactly 6 mins., thus making a world's record. He used his famous "trudgeon" stroke, and until the last length, when he travelled faster than ever, he kept up an even pace.

Before he made his Leeds record the record was held by D. Billington, of Bacup, whose time was 6 mins. 25 2-5 secs.

The Southport Bath, it may be mentioned, is not of the regulation length, and therefore the time will not be accepted as an A.S.A. record. This performance will give an added interest to Kieran's forthcoming match with Billington over 1,000 yards.

* * *

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

15—Southern Counties 100 Yards Championship, at Lambeth, London.
19—Southern Counties Water Polo Championship, Final, at Hornsey, London.
19—Northern Counties Schoolboy Team Championship, Final, at Hyde.
20—English 100 Yards Ladies' Championship, at Swindon.
20—Northern Counties 150 Yards Championship, at Macclesfield.
20—Western Counties Team Swimming Championship, Final, at Swindon.
20—Northumberland and Durham Water Polo Championship, Final, at Gateshead.
23—Yorkshire Schoolboys' Team Championship, Final, at Barnsley.
26—English 220 Yards Championship at Hornsey, London.
28—English 150 Yards Back-swimming Championship, at Hornsey, London.
28—Northern Counties Flying Squadron Championship, Final, at Liverpool.

OCTOBER.

3—150 Yards Championship of London, at the Otter S.C. Gala.
13—Junior Graceful Diving Championship, at the Seal S.C. Entertainment.

Rowing.

Rowing club men are still up in arms. The London County Council khaki fleet continues to furnish a matter of very great importance to the Metropolitan rowing clubs. Since the new steamers have been running it has practically been impossible to do any serious practice at Putney owing to the wash the boats create, and this is mainly owing to the speed at which they travel. It is now considered necessary for the various clubs

to change their quarters and go higher up the river.

* * *

"Such a course," says a prominent rowing man, "will not only add great discomfort to those who confine themselves to the pleasure boat, but will undoubtedly mean a considerable falling off in club membership."

* * *

This matter will affect Putney to a great extent, as this suburb is the centre of the metropolitan clubs, and also possesses a large boat-building industry. In the event of the clubs moving, there is no doubt that the boat-builders will follow them.

* * *

It will be interesting also to see what attitude the University crews will take next year, as, unless some alteration be made, they will be very seriously handicapped in their practice. The matter is under consideration now. The London County Council and the Thames Conservancy officials are doing their utmost to remedy the difficulty, and it is hoped that they will arrive at some satisfactory arrangement. In the meantime, if the London County Council will enforce a rule that their boats are to slacken down over this course, it may be the means of preventing a serious interference with a national sport.

Wrestling.

Tom Jenkins writes:—

"I notice that Madrali has returned to London with his manager, Antonio Pierri, and makes the statement that he cannot accept any challenges until after his contest with Hackenschmidt. This is unreasonable, as no date appears to be fixed for this match, and I am here ready to wrestle Madrali at any time, allowing, of course, reasonable time for preparation. My £50, which I deposited three weeks ago, should be just as good to the Terrible Greek and his protégé as Hackenschmidt's money. Before I left America, as far as I could judge from the English papers, the woods were full of wrestlers thirsting for matches, and now that I've arrived they allow my challenge to pass unnoticed.

"My experience in England has not been a happy one, for when last here I had to wrestle Hackenschmidt out of my style in order to get a match of any description, excepting one in Glasgow with the British champion, Alex. Munro, whom I defeated. Now, I don't mean to go back this time without a run for my money, and I'm not booked, nor am I looking for, music-hall engagements. I've come here to wrestle the best men on this side in my own style (catch-as-catch-can) for money, and if Madrali refuses to meet me I shall form my own conclusions, and I think they'll not differ very much from those of the general public."

[The Madrali-Hackenschmidt match is to be brought off in October next.—EDITOR, *S.M.*]

* * *

At the Bristol Empire, on Sept. 6, Gus Rennant, of London, wrestled with Hackenschmidt. Rennant not only withstood all Hackenschmidt's efforts to throw him, but several times placed the Russian in a position perilously near defeat. Rennant easily stayed fifteen minutes, and received £25. At the close, Hackenschmidt was too fatigued to continue, while Rennant was anxious to go on.

* * *

Wilhelm Hoing is open to wrestle anyone at 11 st. 4 lb., including Joe Carroll, Lauritz Nielsen, Tom McInerney, Jim Joyce, Tom Connors, and Peter Bannan, or any man who lays claim to the middleweight championship. Hoing's manager, Mr. J. Neill, is willing to back his man £25 to £50 against any of the above. The style must be catch-as-catch-can. Wilhelm Hoing scales 11 st. 4 lb., stands 5 ft. 8 in., and is 19 years of age.

* * *

Ahmed Madrali has arrived in England. The Turk is in fine trim, and is quite fit

and well for his forthcoming match with Georges Hackenschmidt, the Russian lion, which is to be decided in the early part of November. Madrali opens an engagement at the Palace, Manchester, on September 18, and has numerous other bookings to follow. His managers, Messrs. A. Pierri and Geo. Harrington, wish to inform all wrestlers who have challenged Madrali that he cannot entertain any of them until after his contest with the Russian. The match with Hackenschmidt has been ratified three months; therefore it is only right that this should be decided before thinking about other minor matches. Another great Turkish wrestler is due to arrive in London to-day, by name Ibraim Mahmout.

* * *

At Ibrox Park, Glasgow, on September 2, Alec Munro and O'Ettinger met in a match for £50 a-side and a purse offered by the Glasgow Rangers F.C. The conditions were one fall in Graeco-Roman style and one in catch-as-catch-can, a proviso being that in the event of each securing a fall the winner of the quicker fall was to receive the stakes. The first bout was in catch-as-catch-can style, and as this is Munro's speciality the Hungarian was for the most part on the defensive. After five minutes the Scot placed his man in an awkward corner, but O'Ettinger got clear rather cleverly. Quickly in trouble again, he was unable to extricate himself a second time, and was forced over in 8 mins. 42 secs. In the second bout the foreigner began in extremely earnest fashion, the pace set being a very fast one. Temper gradually crept in, and the referee cautioned O'Ettinger once or twice. After ten minutes' wrestling the same official again intervened, questioning a grip put on by the Hungarian. The latter, objecting strongly to the decision, finally walked off the field, refusing to continue, and brought what promised to be an interesting encounter to an unsatisfactory and disappointing conclusion.

* * *

Arrangements are almost complete for the great wrestling bout, in catch-as-catch-can style, between Munro and Hackenschmidt. The former offered a date in October at Ibrox Park, Glasgow, for the match, which, if suitable to the Ibrox executive, will probably take place on the last Saturday of that month.

Athletics and Cycling.

Only eight riders competed for the one mile cycle championship of the London Centre at the Crystal Palace on Sept. 2. In that small field were the very pick of the Metropolitan speed section, and, contrary to expectation, the final heat saw the defeat of the holder, H. D. Buck, by V. B. Casey and A. E. Wills, of the Putney.

Casey's victory was little short of remarkable, as fifty yards from home he was to all intents and purposes beaten. However, quickly recovering his "stride," he came away with a mighty sprint and beat his opponents by half a length in 2 mins. 54 2-5 secs. It was nearly a dead-heat for second place.

* * *

Eight tandem pairs competed for the two-mile championship of the London Centre, and a great race was witnessed in the final between the brothers A. E. and F. S. Wills and H. C. Bouffler and G. C. Anderson. The former pair were victorious by three-quarters of a length in 4 mins. 45 3-5 secs.

* * *

Another success at his favourite distance fell to W. J. Pett in the fifty miles N.C.U. championship. He led practically from start to finish, his time for the distance being 1 hr. 47 mins. 34 secs., and he was a little more than two miles ahead of H. W. Hosier. In this event, D. C. Robertson (Peterborough) had a bad spill, cutting his arms and legs.

* * *

Over forty athletic clubs from different parts of Italy are to hold a congress at the Vatican in the beginning of October, under the auspices of the Pope, who will attend and distribute the prizes won at recent meetings.

The members will be the guests of the Pope during the congress, and will be lodged in the Convent of Santa Marta.

* * *

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

17-22—Hurlingham, Final Handicap Tournament.
24—Blackmore Vale, Junior Counties Championship.
24—Warwickshire Tournament.
31—Rugby Tournament.

Miscellaneous.

At Gravesend, on Sept. 2, W. Carroll, the well-known swimmer and athlete, performed the notable feat of rowing, swimming, running, cycling, and walking a mile against time of one hour. Starting at Northfleet Buoy, he rowed a mile down to Harmsworth's Pier; then, diving from his boat, he swam down the river past the Town Pier, Gravesend, landing at the Amsterdam. Changing his swimming costume, he donned walking attire and ran up the High-street, Gravesend, to Rosherville Hill, when he mounted his cycle and rode back again on the New-road to the mile post. Then, dismounting, he walked half a mile out and then home again, finishing the five miles in 57 mins. He was loudly cheered by the crowd of sightseers.

* * *

GOLF FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

20—"News of the World" Prizes, Midland Qualifying Competition, at King's Norton.
22, 23—Redhill and Reigate Autumn Meeting.
23—Hanger Hill Open Amateur Competition.
27—Royal and Ancient, St. Andrew's, Medal Day.
28-30—"Evening Times" Trophy, at Barasie.
29—Beckenham Autumn Meeting.
29-30—Bushey Hall Open Amateur Meeting.
29-30—Hanger Hill Autumn Meeting.
30—Ealing Autumn Meeting.
30—Hesketh (Southport) Autumn Meeting.

OCTOBER.

3-5—"News of the World" Prizes, Final Competition at Walton Heath.
4-5—Hunstanton Autumn Meeting.
4-6 Royal Liverpool Autumn Meeting.

The Force of the Argument.

The little man was expounding to his audience the benefits of physical culture. "Three years ago," he said, "I was a miserable wreck. Now what do you suppose brought about this great change in me?" "What change?" said a voice from the audience. There was a succession of loud smiles, and some persons thought to see him collapse. But the little man was not to be put out. "Will the gentleman who asked 'What change?' kindly step up here?" he asked, suavely. "I shall then be better able to explain. That's right!" Then, grabbing the witty gentleman by the neck, "When I first took up physical culture, I could not even lift a little man; now (suiting action to word) I can throw one about like a bundle of rags." And, finally, he flung the interrupter half a dozen yards along the floor. "I trust, gentlemen, that you will see the force of my argument, and that I have not hurt this gentleman's feelings by my explanations." There were no more interruptions.

And Editorial Chat.

ALTHOUGH I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, you must remember that space is limited, and I *cannot* prescribe courses here.

The attention of my readers is called to an announcement on the opposite page.

All communications relating to instruction by post should be addressed to me at Basing House, Basinghall Street, E.C., and these will receive prompt attention.

Ordinary replies cannot be answered by post.

G. H. MARSHALL (WANGANNI).—You have not read the conditions correctly. The one you mention states that the entries from abroad are placed amongst those for the month in which they are received, but the coupon must be one for the month in which they are sent. Thus in September you must forward a coupon taken from a September issue, and post it before the last day of the month. You will then be judged in the month of receipt here. (This reply will answer F. H. THORNTON (CAPETOWN), G. SCHNAWASZI (BILBAO), and others.)

SWIMMER (WATERFORD).—Thanks for letter. The book you want has not yet been published. I do not recommend the one you mention. Will try and follow out your suggestion *re* article.

R. B. H. (DORCHESTER).—I should say you want to build up your constitution. Take Plasmon in its various forms. Advise your friends to do the same, and stop smoking.

M. TEIPEL (BIRKENHEAD).—Take a course of instruction by post.

Sandow's Pose,

No. 29 can be had separately, printed on Fine Art Paper suitable for framing.

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Apply—

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Sandow's Magazine Physical Culture Competition.

Having regard to the rapid strides in popularity which have been made recently by physical culture, and the fact that five years have elapsed since we instituted our Great Competition, which, as everyone knows, culminated in the mammoth gathering at the Albert Hall, we feel that the inauguration of this magazine in its new form would be a fitting time to revive the Competition which was such a signal success before. The conditions on the present occasion will be slightly varied in order to meet the altered state of things which prevail. It will be remembered that in the first great Competition all entrants were on an equal, but as this is obviously to the great disadvantage of those whose bodies are not fully developed, this time we shall give, each month, medals for two classes, full particulars being given in the conditions set out below.

Conditions of the Competition.

1. The Competition will be for the purpose of encouraging physical culture amongst all classes.

2. The judging will be from photographs (back and front if possible) and properly authenticated measurements on the coupon.

3. A Gold Medal will be presented each month to the one who in the opinion of the judges, shows the best development and most symmetrical measurements amongst (a) those eighteen years of age or under, and (b) those over eighteen years of age.

(4) No photos will be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

(5) The right is reserved to publish any of the photos submitted for competition.

(6) **No winner in a previous competition is eligible.**

7. The coupon on another page stands good until the last day of the month, and the awards will be announced in another issue.

(8) Competitors from abroad will be entered in the month of receipt of Coupon providing it was sent during the month for which it is available.

As a new generation, so to speak, of physical culturists has sprung up since the last competition, it will be interesting to compare the general physique then and now

SPORTING PATENTS.

This list of Patents is specially prepared for SANDOW'S MAGAZINE by Mr. C. F. Ennis, of Jessel Chambers, 88 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., Registered Patent Agent (by Examination), from whom all information relating to Patents may be had on application:—

Applications for Patents August 21st-26th, 1905:—

16894. F. A. Schanz, London. Gun sights. Antedated. (Complete specification)

16948. H. E. Read, Luton. Gravity target carriage for short ranges.

17063. T. E. Harper, New Malden, Surrey. Device for practising the drive at golf on lawn and other circumscribed spaces

17132. J. A. L. Nixon, Dundee. Golf balls.

17135 T. B. Ralston, London. Targets for rifle practice.

17180 R. A. Morris, Manchester. Golf balls. (Complete specification)

17211 C. Arens, London. Exercising apparatus.

17247 J. A. F. Steinhoff, London. Golf balls.

Specifications Published August 31st, 1905:—

21154 of 1904. H. Purdie, Edinburgh. Mechanical device for recording the strength of stroke delivered to golf balls

21260 of 1904. C. and O. Wyers, and A. Smith, Redditch. Fish hooks

28860 of 1904. E. Samuel, West Bromwich. Marker or scorer for billiards and similar games of skill.

11430 of 1905. T. A. Hearson, London. (Phonix Electrotechnische Gmb. H, Germany.) Automatic falling target

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Weight	Hips
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Chest Expanded	Calf R
Waist	Thigh L
Upper Arm R	Calf L
Fore Arm R	Ankle
	Neck

We hereby certify that the above measurements are correct. (SIGNED),

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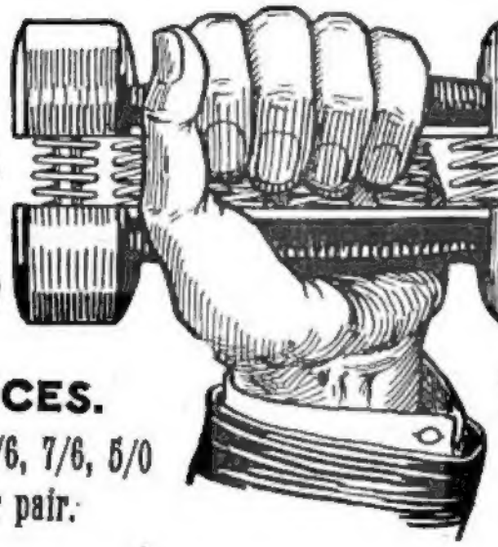

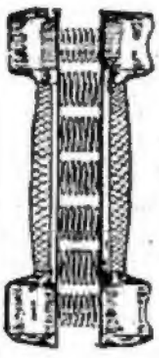

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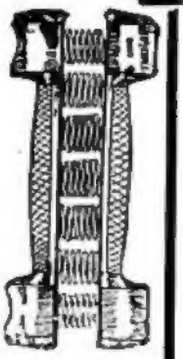

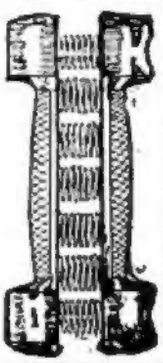

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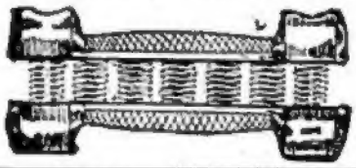

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